Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monsieur Fer.
Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.
Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy discusse the same in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monsieur,
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ransome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.
Pist. What sayes he boy?
Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great
House of France, and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

Folow

Follow me cur.

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?
Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field
Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to you
Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him dow
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which array, braue souldier doth he ly
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore
Comes to him where in blood he lay all steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,
And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:
My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen
Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest:
And in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept togither in our Chiualry:
Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lord
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espousd to
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and sweete manner of it,
Forc'd those waters from me, which I would h
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.